

A Conversation Between Bacon and Eggs

by Cami Park

Having arrived in circumstances that, independent of nature, preclude long conversations on abstract subjects, Eggs says to Bacon, "In a hot splattering we were born, showered in shrapnel, and carried spitting and popping to this place forsaken by all heat but our own, and now, speaking for myself, I am curling and cold at the edges and my sunny side is up but not feeling so sunny."

To which Bacon replies, "Here comes The Fork."

